Thus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne,
When beauty liv'd and dy'd as flowers do now,
Before theſe baſtard ſignes of faire were borne,
Or durſt inhabit on a living brow:
Before the goulden treſſes of the dead,
The right of ſepulchers were ſhorne away,
To live a ſecond life on ſecond head,
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:
In him thoſe holy antique howers are ſeene,
Without all ornament, it ſelfe and true,
Making no ſummer of an others greene,
Robbing no old to dreſſe his beautie new,
And him as for a map doth Nature ſtore,
To ſhow falſe Art what beautie was of yore.
Thoſe parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of ſoules) give thee that end,
Vttring bare truth, even ſo as foes Commend.
Their outward thus with outward praiſe is crownd,
But thoſe ſame tongues that give thee ſo thine owne,
In other accents doe this praiſe confound
By ſeeing farther then the eye hath ſhowne.
They looke into the beautie of thy mind,
And that in gueſſe they meaſure by thy deeds,
Then churls their thoughts (although their eyes were kind)
To thy faire flower adde the ranke ſmell of weeds,
But why thy odor matcheth not thy ſhow,
The ſoyle is this, that thou doeſt common grow.

Injurious Time.

Like as the waves make towards the pibled
So doe our minutes haſten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes b
In ſequent toile all forwards do contend.
Nativitie once in the maine of light,
Crawles to maturitie, wherewith being crow
Crooked eclipſes gainſt his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confou
Time doth tranſfixe the floriſh ſet on youth
And delves the paralels in beauties brow,
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
And nothing ſtands but for his Sithe to mo
And yet to times in hope, my verſe ſhall
Prayſing thy worth, diſpight his cruell ha
Againſt my love ſhall be as I am now
With times injurious hand chruſht and or
When houres have dreind his blood and fil
With lines and wrincles, when his youthful
Hath travaild on to Ages ſteepie night,
And all thoſe beauties whereof now he's K
Are vaniſhing, or vaniſht out of ſight,
Stealing away the treaſure of his Spring.
For ſuch a time doe I now fortifie
Againſt confounding Ages cruell knife,
That he ſhall never cut from memory
My ſweet loves beautie, though my lovers li
His beautie ſhall in theſe blacke lines b
And they ſhall live, and he in them ſtill

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